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For the Glory of the Class

“YOU are an '03 man?”

“Yes. Yale. And you?”

“The same—only mine 's Princeton.”

They shook hands gravely and sat down opposite one another in the dusty, little smoking-compartment of the Pullman. The football prospects for the approaching season had already been discussed, golf had been lightly touched upon and even the outlook for debating had met with a general review. Outside, the country stretched, flat and uninteresting, from the car tracks to the horizon. Nothing appeared that would furnish a topic for further conversation.

Suddenly the Yale man looked up from his magazine.

“By the way,” he said, “do you happen to know a man in your class by the name of Meager—kind of a class politician—pretty bright sort of a chap, I reckon—”

“Yes. Do you know him?”

“Just heard some people out home talking about him, this summer—seemed to think he was mighty clever.”

“Not at all. Meager is *my* name—you must have got it wrong, somehow.”

“O! excuse me. Should have done it before: my name is Verzan. Glad to know you.”

The two shook hands again and settled themselves more easily.

"So I am a politician?" Meager laughed. "Well, it's a great game—great game. Ever tried it?"

"A little—not much—we don't have as much chance as you all do, you know."

"Of course. But look here! this is your Senior year—what then? Now-a-days, politics is a profession—one studies politics as one studies law or medicine. Why not? I take it you are from the South. Well, I am from the West; your class is full of men from everywhere—so is mine. If you and I start now to get ready for the presidential election in nineteen four, we might do a little—something—a great deal, if we go at it right. We could talk it up—our friends would help—then when we are out in the World, look what we 've got!"

"I do n't quite—"

"O! yes you do—it 's the old 'blocks of five' scheme, only a lot bigger. Go to the men in your class and tell them that you intend to be a politician and that you want them to help. You know how one '03 man will help another . . ."

Meager had grown very earnest. He was leaning his elbows on his knees and talking rapidly. His companion followed with difficulty, but little by little the full purport of the speech came over him, slowly yet with irresistible force. Suddenly the speaker paused as if overwhelmed by a new and colossal idea. For five minutes he sat in silence staring out of the window, seeing nothing. Then he leaned back and lit his pipe, holding the match with fingers that trembled preceptably.

"I think I see what you are driving at," broke in Verzan at length.

Meager puffed awhile in silence.

"I doubt it . . ." he began, finally. Then, smiling, quizzically, he remarked, as if forgetting what he had started to say, "We have twelve hours on this beastly train—let 's cook up a scheme—pour passer le temps."

"That evening, as the long line of coaches whipped out of the station at Philadelphia, the two Seniors leaned familiarly upon a table in the dining car and smiled at one another over the brims of their glasses.

"To the glorious class of nineteen hundred and three!" said Meager.

"The Greatest Class in the world!" replied Verzan, solemnly.

At Thanksgiving, ten men met in the dining room of a little, old-fashioned, out-of-the-way Inn, in New York City. Meager and Verzan seemed to be in tacit charge of the party and for a brief period there was that sense of intangible coolness pervading the gathering which seems to characterize the association of men but slightly acquainted. Meager grasped the situation instinctively and rose to the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he said "you may not all know each other. Allow me—this is Verzan, of Yale—Bobby make a bow—Winterrowd, of Harvard—I scarcely need mention it: you have all seen his picture in the papers—Welch, of Pennsylvania—who hasn't heard of Jimmy Welch?—Kelly, of Georgetown; Markham, of Cornell; Spiegler, of Lehigh; Jones, of Columbia; Cushman, of Williams; and last, but by no means least, Dennison Sears Valentine, of Leland Stanford University, who has crossed the continent on his father's railroad to honor our Thanksgiving dinner with his presence. One word more," he said, checking a general laugh with up-raised hand. "This distinguished—and unique—gathering consists entirely of men who are, heart and soul, members of the great and glorious class of nineteen hundred and three—God bless her!"

The ball was spun. An inarticulate cheer ripped from the lips of every man at the mention of his class. In the confusion of enthusiasm embarrassment ceased. A moment

later all were seated and the uproar of general conversation filled the low-ceiled room.

At desert, Meager glanced down the length of the table at Verzan, and nodded. The latter rose and pounded on the table with his glass.

"Gentlemen," he said, speaking with the easy drawl of the South, "Gentlemen, some mischance seems to have doomed me to the head of the table. I cannot talk, but I can listen to a good speech and I know who can make one. Bill Meager you are it." He sat down and the others, with that susceptibility to suggestion characterizing men who have dined well, pounded on the table and repeated the name. As Meager rose, someone started "For he's a jolly good fellow" and the subject of the song, looking down the double line of faces, smiled with genuine satisfaction. Before speaking, he paused, and with a preoccupied air brushed the crumbs beside his plate into a little pile. The hand that coaxed the bits of bread together was perfectly steady.

For a while he spoke generally, wandering from topic to topic, inserting here a joke and there a funny story, watching the resulting ripples of laughter with calculating eye. Finally he seemed to find himself. Leaning one hand upon the table he spoke more quickly—forceful, earnest. The undertone of conversation and comment ceased. He held the attention of his hearers.

"Fellows," he said, "we are all Seniors. In a few months we go out into the world to take a place upon its stage of such social, commercial and political prominence as our status as educated men shall give us. But always we have that which the majority have not—we are educated men, and it is with the knowledge of this uppermost that I can speak to you to-night. For, by way of example, we have come to know how close together the two political parties of this country really lie, to-day. Some of us are Demo-

crats, some Republicans, but not because there is such a vast difference as to separate the two entirely. With the most of us it is association or bringing up or something else equally inconsequent. It really does not matter how we vote—you know that. But just the same, as voters, we are able, together, to exercise a great influence which it somehow seems to one might be directed one way. You each know fifty men—no, a hundred in your respective colleges who would vote as you wished, if you insisted. Well, now if there were added to that desire the spirit of standing by the class, and to *that* the conviction of party superiority, you could enlist your entire class, at least."

"But how about the party business?" interrupted "Denny" Valentine. "I am a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat—I'll admit I do n't know why—and the most of you are Republicans—"

"I'm coming to that," continued Meager, "just wait a bit. Now, as I said, our own votes alone and those of our friends would be worth a lot, say in the election of nineteen four."

"But then we will all be split up, Meager," interposed Winterrowd, who had been following intently, "and I do n't see what . . ."

"Exactly," cried the speaker. "Split up we will be, but working together. Each man gets as many of his classmates to stand with him as possible—these men scatter all over the country. Then they each work for the common cause—each pledges votes, talks, writes stuff for the newspapers—in a word electioneers. We have ten colleges represented here—we take in more—all we can—say make it fifty, anyhow. Then the representative of each college pledges on an average of one hundred men—they graduate—then each of *these* pledges a hundred men—and what have we got? Five hundred thousand votes as a starter. Gentlemen, individually we are like these

crumbs." He scattered the carefully made pile. "Together we are a ball," he rolled them up into a compact mass, "which depends for its size upon nothing but the ability of the crumbs to pick up more bread."

"Or dough," suggested Kelly.

"With the watchword 'Our Class—Nineteen Hundred and Three!' we are invincible."

He sat down. There was not a sound. He had chosen his audience well. Only the frowning silence of men thinking followed the long speech. At length Bill Meager caught the eye of his vis-à-vis and nodded, almost imperceptibly. A moment more passed, then Verzan brought his fist down on the table with a crash and jumped to his feet.

"By Jove, Meager, we can do it!" he shouted. Chairs were pushed back. Men half rose as if someone had voiced their inmost thoughts.

"But—but—what—"

"One moment, Markham!" Meager's eyes blazed. Every muscle of his body was tense. "We want a cause, and in these days a cause is a Man. We want a man we can trust, a man of experience, a man of integrity, a man who is upright beyond question—whose personality is strong enough to weld together the political parties of this country and to make of them one, and that the party of educated men. With our friendship, our class ties, our unimpeachable cause, we can and we WILL win! Before you, here, gentlemen of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three, I nominate for the next president of the United States, Arthur Twining Hadley, of Yale!"

For one second there was silence, then the staccato beat of the Yale cheer echoed far down the little old-fashioned street, past the darkened houses where all had long since gone to bed.

By Christmas, the organization was complete. Meager

worked like a sapper. "Denney" Valentine threw himself into the undertaking, heart, soul and pocketbook—the latter entry being especially appreciated. Little by little the nucleus of ten men grew to a band of sixty-two, representing as many colleges. By the beginning of the year the carefully and quietly prepared plan was ready for the second step, and Meager, the chairman of the committee, gave the word, insisting always on the utmost precaution.

"It wo' n't do, fellows, to chump the thing at the start," he wrote, "Take it easily, but do your work well. Get your pledges secure and then we can see how we stand. When we have facts and figures to offer, we can approach President Hadley with some show of being heard."

From man to man in his own class he went, arguing, pleading, cajoling. At first he was met with ridicule, but Bill Meager was not the man to be given pause by laughter. By Easter, when reports were made, two hundred Princeton men were wearing the button which bore the simple legend "1903—For the Honor of the Class." The others worked more slowly, but with the assurance given by the achievements of Meager and Verzan, success beyond expectation met their efforts in the few remaining weeks. Not only were nineteen-three men enlisted everywhere, but from time to time level-headed politicians, old at the trade, recognized the possibilities of the boom and stepped quietly into the ranks. The air was rife with rumors and vague whisperings when, in June of the Class' Senior year, a petition signed by fifteen thousand men from every section of the country was presented to President Hadley and his decision anxiously awaited.

Then it was that the originator of the scheme doubted for the first time. What were they, after all, but visionary boys? How should their assurances convince a man with so great a work to do to forsake his familiar field for the

hazardous chance of securing a position of only doubtful utility? Doubting, distrustful of success, he sought one who had been known aforetime as the maker of executives in this land of freest choice. If he had been fearful, he had lost none of his enthusiasm. But even in his enthusiasm, the sense of practical management which had rolled the crumbs into a solid ball remained with him and convinced where mere confidence must have failed. At the end of an hour's conference, the master politician left for New Haven to plead the cause of the new party. One week later Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale accepted the leadership of a band of fifteen thousand young men whose sole platform was the argument that Meager had once voiced: "In these days, the cause is the Man."

On Thanksgiving, a year from the date of the broaching of the plan, the ten "original Hadley men" met for a second dinner, in Chicago. This latter occasion partook largely of a triumphal banquet. Things were going well, it could not be denied. The silver-mounted candles upon the table flickered and seemed to smile with that joy which attends success. Laughter effervesced like the bubbles of the yellow wine that glistened in the broad-mouthed glasses. Realization lent a foreglow of satisfaction to the gathering.

When the chairs were pushed back and the cigars lighted, the cry for Bill Meager rose to a confused roar, and standing, again, at the end of a long table, flushed with success and the appreciation which had been given him, he waited till the strains of "For he's a jolly good fellow" had died away and the dumb silence of absorbed attention greeted him once more.

"Fellows," he began, slowly, "for one thing, greater than the joy of having begun a great thing well, I thank you: for your friendship—for the comradeship of this last year." Again a shout of approval interrupted him, and,

as he waited for quiet, Verzan noticed in his face the look which he had seen only once before—that morning on the train when Meager had paused in his argument and stared out of the window in silence.

"But I have something to explain," he continued, "something to justify, perhaps. I scarcely know how to say what it seems to me so much the best thing to say—yet this is it. A year ago last September, Verzan and I planned the dénouement which you have all helped us to bring about. Then it was *pour passer le temps*. Later, it grew to be for more. Success has come to us—our fight is well begun. The excitement of planning, of engineering, of intriguing is over—that was my work. Was it well done?" A puzzled expression had crept into the faces of his hearers, but at the question they leaned forward and roared unstinted assent. "Thank you," said the speaker, "you have helped me to go on . . . That day I told Verzan my opinion: 'politics is a great game'—so it is, but fellows, after all, it is only a game. Who cares to play a whist hand when he holds all the trumps? Well, as far as I am concerned, we hold all the trumps and the game has lost interest for me. Who shall say why a man prefers this or that? My mind is made up: to-night I tender my resignation as chairman of the Executive Committee—One moment!" he said, stilling the protests with upraised hand. "I do this with the understanding that if complications should set in—if things should go badly—if you should feel that you need me in any slightest way, I shall be, as I am now, at your command."

"But—but look here, old man," cried Winterrowd, "you deserve the honor that will come by success—besides we cannot get along without you, you know."

"O yes you can!" laughed Meager. "Any one of you could more than fill my place. Virtue is its own retribution—and I need rest. I wish you would let me go—I

am sorry, but—" He ended lamely. For a while there was silence. Then Verzan rose at the head of the table and, glass in hand, began solemnly "Here 's to Bill Meager, drink 'er down . . . "

There were tears in Meager's eyes when they all stood, singing to him. But at the close of the song he raised his glass.

"No! No! Fellows!" he shouted. "Not to me! To the great and glorious class of nineteen hundred and three!"

Pax. P. Hibben.

The Song of the Hermit Thrush

Out of the green of the distant hill,
Where the shadows lengthen, dark and still,
While fainter glows the sky —
Under the shimmering, sunset star,
The hermit calls to his mate afar,
Plaintive and wild and shy.

Darker shadows the valleys fill;
Deeper 's the hush of the distant hill;
Fainter the glow of the sky;
Still, like a voice from another sphere,
Moving the depths of the hearts that hear,
Comes that lonely cry.

McQueen Salley Wightman.

The Poetry of Sidney Lanier

ON the south wall of McCoy Hall of Johns Hopkins University hangs a frame containing a group of photographs and a manuscript ode. On the top rail of the frame is painted the legend (intended as a delicate tribute of appreciation): "Sidney Lanier, the Poet." Several other memorials—letters, pictures, poems—meant to perpetuate the name and fame of "the Poet" who was for a short time professor of English Literature in the University, hang on the wall nearby. This sign was not contrived in irony, as it may at first appear, but is the loving work of some classifier of curiosities, the same, we may be sure, who labels the fossils in the museum, and who desired to inform the curious that the occupation of the man whose photograph is underneath was the composition of poetry. Kind classifier, those who have read Lanier thank you; it is from no fault of yours that you are so specific, but would you seek to rescue Longfellow from oblivion by tagging his portrait "Longfellow the Poet"?

Lanier, from the quality of his work, deserves to be much better known, and to hold a higher and more influential place than he does at present. Even in the city where he spent the best years of his life and did his best work in poetry and in music, he is still an almost "undiscovered country." Good music, some great poetry and, that factor so potent now-a-days, a life-story as brave and sad as Stevenson's, have been inexplicably slow in setting Lanier before the notice of the general public.

Great novelists develop late, great poets have died at an age when novelists were just beginning to release their powers. Why do we say, then, that Lanier, who died at thirty-nine, had not the time to reach his full development! As the work on which his claim to consideration rests was done, with hardly more than one exception, dur-

ing the last five years of his life, and his greatest long poem, "Sunrise," was written during his last illness, so his talent was at least not exhausted and therefore gave promise of a more perfect expression. What, then, were the causes of Lanier's slow development? To consider external circumstances first, he was born in a new country, and in the South, where the poetic temperament, though more generally diffused and deeper than in the North, lacks culture and the literary habit of thought necessary for its creative expression. Poverty and sickness, the shadows of so many artists' lives, followed him unweariedly. After the Civil War, his early manhood was spent in those terrible "Reconstruction" days—an atmosphere scarcely suitable for the blossoming of the poetic flower. "My dear father," he writes, "think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcial college, and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances and a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart, so that I could not banish them."

But the principal cause of Lanier's development lies deeper; it was in the organization of his genius. He possessed a remarkably acute critical faculty—an endowment of doubtful worth to the creative artist. He was a conscious artist, like Milton and like Balzac. He must pass through his years of experiments, of failure, of gradual growth; in a word, his evolution. The stalk, with its slowly growing leaves, came first, and the perfect flower, though sure, was late. Lanier's critical and creative senses grew side by side and simultaneously. He continually and habitually checked the freedom of his imagination. It

might almost be said that, in literary matters, his head ruled his heart. So when he received an inspiration, he would analyse it and test it by his canons of taste and if he could not fit it to his system he would reject it. This method of composition offers an explanation both of Lanier's slow poetic growth and of the impression of effort that some of his poems give and which has been attributed to lack of inspiration. Lanier often impaired the freshness of his energy by over-attention to the unseen parts of his building (which nature had built aright in the first place) and when he came to the visible part of it, his best strength was weakened. He would have better expressed what was in him by writing more and pondering less on the science of writing.

Matthew Arnold's way of proving poetry, by using the masters as standards of comparison, as touchstones, is the best. Lanier measures up to this trial. He had imagination, passion, sensitiveness, power over words, and humor. His best poems are filled with a subtle and wonderfully suggestive imagery—a quality which seems to be one of the surest marks of genius. Sometimes it is mere word juggling, often it rises to the height of inspired imaginative perception as in the passage from "Sunrise" where he is describing the dawn and the ebb tide :

"(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams)—"

or, in "The Marshes of Glynn," which is marvellous in its melody, a quality that Lanier did not always attain —

"Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger
and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet
limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.

Lanier had also a high reverence for the poet's duty toward his talent. With sane conscientiousness he sought to improve that talent by knowledge, by practice, by living firmly his ideals of life. He was convinced that a poet must know a great deal, so he wrote essays on agricultural conditions from the point of view and the practical knowledge of a farmer; he studied English literature from its source; he was interested in physics, in chemistry, in mathematics; in short, he had the incessantly inquisitive modern spirit. But his mind was too impetuous and fiery to become muffled or smothered under a mass of facts, and it was too fresh and original to suffer deeply from that over-culture which, as Heine says, "destroys in the artist that fresh accentuation, that vivid coloring, that impulsiveness of thought, that directness of feeling, so often to be admired in circumscribed and uncultured natures." The largeness, the freedom, the intellectual and sympathetic breadth of Lanier's poetry are the outcome of his deep and varied culture.

The last thing that could be said of Lanier is that he was an ineffectual dreamer, though he regarded life with a broader and deeper vision than any American poet before him. Everything he wrote has so big a design and such a spaciousness about it that we are not surprised to learn that he was deeply influenced by the life and literature of the Elizabethan Age, a time in its character of conceiving and bearing large enterprises so fundamentally like our own. He brushed through the little transitory complexities that so often form a fog beyond which ordinary minds cannot penetrate, saw modern life whole, and grasped its trend and meaning and deep harmony. This vision lies beneath all Lanier's poems, and it is this which gives them, whether long or short, their effect of largeness. We miss in him the sweet, inevitable melody and simplicity of Herrick or Burns, but his excellence lies in another direction, and to

reproach him with this limitation as an indication of a want of talent has about the same critical value as a complaint that Burns did not write a "Paradise Lost," or Her-
rick a "Divine Comedy." Lanier no doubt admired and placed a true value on the cameos of genius, but it was his nature to crave a monument.

It required a strong and vigorous imagination to fuse the diverse elements of his intellectual acquirement, and Lanier was endowed with this gift of imaginative power in a degree that has earned for him the right to be called the most imaginative and (with the exception of Poe) the most original American poet. He took the common terms of science and of trade and made out of them the substance or the embroidery of his verse. Sometimes he is merely grotesque, as in the sonnet on "The Mocking Bird," where he hails the bird as

"—yon trim Shakespeare on the tree,"

Sometimes he is wonderfully suggestive, as in the lines from "Sunrise"—

"Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy
Distilling silence,—"

The passion for wide knowledge and large ideas and the imaginative power of transforming them into poetry make Lanier a National and not a Southern poet. He did not voice the South, but the Nation, and therefore he may be called our most representative poet; more representative than any of the New England singers, who are sectional; and more representative than Edgar Poe, who might have written in France or Russia for anything American that is in him. Lanier is our most representative poet, because he most fully and adequately mirrors and interprets the life of his country during the time in which he lived. His subjects are American. He has shown that poetry can be drawn from the Chattahoochee as well as from the Rhein;

that the mocking-bird has melody as well as the nightingale; and that the Marshes of Glynn County have some poetic enchantment about them although they are at home. This is a lesson to Americans very similar to the one that Wordsworth and Coleridge taught Englishmen a hundred years ago. It probably never occurred to Lanier that this was to be his greatest service to American literature. He tried to teach other lessons with, as usual, no very conspicuous success; but this one which was no lesson to him, which was as perfectly natural and unconscious as the beating of his heart, is the one that will live. He shows more clearly than any argument can, that our poetry is no longer dependent for its subjects on the East, that we are beginning to be free, to have a literature, as we already have a life, of our own. All of his poetry might appropriately be named after the title of one of his poems, a "Psalm of the West."

An attempt to fix Lanier's position among American poets is a difficult undertaking, since he is obscure enough to be an enticing subject for exploitation, and well known enough to make such an attempt perilous. We may say that he is our most original, our most representative poet, but he died too early and left his work too uncompleted for us to confer upon him the somewhat unmeaning title of our "greatest." His admirers content themselves with thinking that he gave promise and evidence of reaching a place no American poet has yet attained. And it is infinitely encouraging to those who believe that poetry is "not dead, but sleepeth," to know that in spite of the fetters of a raw country, in spite of the influence of trade or business, in the face of poverty, pain and discouragement, Lanier triumphed and wrote a book which, whatever its niche in the Hall of Fame may be, contains much that is pure poetry.

Raymond Sanderson Williams.

Having Considered All Finally

' Shall be loth to leave my life
At the last ;
' Shall look back upon the strife
That has passed—
(All the burning and the pain,
And the joy,
All the laughter and the gain,
And the " Boy "
Spirit o' the Boy, I mean—
That dear will
That finds only pleasure keen
What seemed ill)—
With the longing eyes of him
Who has fought
Mainly for the vision dim
He has caught
Of the Master's sweep and grasp
Of his Work ;
Yet contemptuous of the gasp,
And the murk,
Turns from life, glad, resolute,
Waves goodbye
To the flesh that kept him brute—
Thus shall I
Eager pass beyond the Veil
And then know
All where now I halt or fail—
Thus shall I go.

Samuel McCoy.

In Cherry Time

CHERRY leaned her elbows upon the tea-table, rested her chin upon her clenched hands, and looked at me severely.

"How long, Bob, do you intend keeping this up?"

"If you are to begin a conversation with one who wishes to be a friend, in terms which savor strongly of a Catilinian indictment, I, as apparent prisoner at the bar, must decline to answer until you make clear what it is that I am 'keeping up.'"

This is a longer speech than I usually make in my visits with Cherry (Cherry is a gifted talker, and I am lazy by nature; so it is a deal pleasanter to listen — and to watch).

Cherry pouted. It is this which has made her name most felicitous.

"You know very well what I mean, Bob, and it is n't a bit nice of you to poke fun at me in that horrid legal way. How long are you going —" and here she colored prettily, a cream-pink, like a Japanese cherry-blossom — "going to keep up this silly quarreling with Malcolm?" Cherry is at times almost direct in her methods.

"Malcolm is my very dear friend," I responded, somewhat stiffly. Malcolm is a dreadfully good sort of a chap, but really, he has been continually at my heels of late, and Cherry is never a moment free of him, do n't you know. I quite lost my patience one day, and suggested that he go somewhere else; but the fellow only said he had come up from town for the very purpose of avoiding the heat, and really did n't care to go to the place — fancy!

"You are evading the question," said Cherry, persistently.

"It is a means of debate sometimes adopted by the weaker side of the argument."

I saw my mistake too late.

"You admit then that you have been quarreling with Malcolm?"

"Leading questions are overruled, Cherry," said I, sparing for time.

"Oh! now I know that you have been, you silly boys," Cherry was radiantly triumphant. I brought her to the ground in a moment, however.

"You seem to delight in the knowledge."

She gasped.

"Horrid man! do you suppose I care whether you two quarrel over me, or not?"

"I did not accuse you of so doing."

"You said as much."

I averted the imminent quarrel by asking for more tea. Sometimes, in winter, I pander to my aesthetic pleasure by quarreling with Cherry—she is admirably beautiful when angry—but summer rather discourages the exertion, both intellectual and physical.

"Cherry, how long have you known Craig?"

"Why I met Malcolm abroad about a year ago, I believe, Bob." I am sometimes disgusted with the way Cherry refers to that man by his surname.

"And how long have you known me?"

"Why that would be almost to tell my own age, Bob—and you said leading questions were barred."

"Indeed! how patriarchal she grows," I observed to the "visitor" in my tea-cup. Cherry is twenty-three.

There was a slight pause in which I felt myself growing sensibly older; so much so, that I felt warranted in dispensing advice.

"A girl should never jest about her age, Cherry. Age is no joke."

Cherry gave me a glance. I saw that I had not grown older sensibly.

"You are too much of a child yourself, Bobbie, to be a

coiner of aphorisms," she remarked, ignoring the fact that I am nearly thirty, (twenty-six last month) and almost an old bachelor.

"Grow old along with me," said I, chummily, quoting from "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

"Thence shall I pass, for aye removed from the developed brute," she retorted. This was rather rough on me, though I deserved it, and I felt I was losing ground. Cherry was so gracious, however, as to fill up my cup again. Thus fortified, I returned to the attack by a circuitous route.

"I saw Jimmy Richards on the street last week," I observed amicably.

"Really! How is he?"

"Same old chap as ever—you remember the times we three used to have together in the old days?"

"As if I could ever forget!"

"We had quite a reunion, talking over old times. Jimmy wanted me to ask you if you remembered the time we took Senator Thurston's high hat—"

"And put cushions on it, and got people to sit on it! Of course I do! And the time mother would n't let me leave my room, and you boys got pies and things, and I drew them up to my window with a string!" Cherry's eyes were dancing.

"Yes, and the time we fastened Bob Wyeth to the barn with a chain, and you teased him at the chain's length?"

"Well, you set me on to it—but you had your reward, for do n't you remember, you scratched your finger on a broken link in the chain?"

"Yes, indeed. I did have my reward, for we were all afraid blood-poisoning would set in, and so—"

"I had forgotten that," said Cherry hastily, "Do you—"

I ignored her, and went on relentlessly, "and so you tried to get the rust out by—"

"Stop!" said Cherry, "anyone would have done as much."

"No, mademoiselle, you were the only one of the three who had sand enough to do it, confound our cowardly little souls! And then you tore a strip from your pinafore, little girl, and wrapped it up, and," I concluded lamely, "that 's fifteen years ago, and now you 're pouring tea for me, and I 'm miserable."

"Why Bob," said Cherry, softly, "I 'm ever so sorry. Does the scratch hurt you yet?"

I looked at her sharply, but there were no signs of mischief in her eyes, and I was emboldened to proceed gloomily.

"It 's worse than a scratch on my finger now—it 's gone deeper."

Then laughter lay at last in Cherry's eyes.

"I verily believe, Bob, you 're trying to make love."

I rose with dignity. My only course was to withdraw while yet in good order.

Cherry rose also, but the smile had faded out, and the brown eyes were soft and regretful.

"Why, Bob, I 'm ever so sorry, if I hurt you. Forgive me, won't you?"

I cursed myself inwardly for my hotheadedness, and groped for words while I groped for my hat and stick in the dark hallway. And then an audible ejaculation escaped me as I caught my hand on a hat pin. A wild hope swept over me.

"Ouch, Cherry," I growled, "see what you 've driven me to. I 've scratched my finger again."

Cherry had been standing at the window, and it must have been the splendor of the setting sun which made her eyes moist.

"Let me see it, you poor clumsy boy."

She bent over it as she had done that other time.

I was doubly glad the hallway was dark.

Samuel McCoy

Rudyard Kipling

IN an almost unprecedented age of struggle for national power and success, when the thirst for empire keeps the world continually in a ferment, a fortuitous circumstance placed Rudyard Kipling at his birth in the land of Clive and Hastings. Nowhere else could he have gained so accurate an insight into modern world-making forces as at this point of contact between the ancient, receding, oriental and the modern advancing occidental. Still there was needful a broadening of his view of the forces he saw in the action about him, and the shaking off whatever inbred provincialism he possessed. This growth came later in life when as a citizen of a world-encircling empire, he explored the home country and its every dependency, visited nations of every latitude and longitude, came into contact with savant and cow-puncher, and, best of all, met with the criticism of men of letters, until by the ceaseless activity of his education he stands forth now, like Kim, "the friend of all the world."

Having come to us in a day when our Dickens and Thackerays and Hawthornes seem lost forever, he, like many another, has fallen into the number of short-story writers—the school of Poe and Maupassant, of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The causes that have resulted in the retirement of the long novel and in general the low standard of quality in the shorter ones are the same that have popularized the short story—the intense practical and commercial element in life, the hurry and strain of modern existence acting on narratives and reacting on narrators to snatch away not so much the romance and poetry of life as the power and faculty to see it when presented.

For such a period Kipling comes, uniquely prepared. The ebullition and excitement of military life on an extended frontier, the yearning of the lazy existence in the

barracks, and the reckless life of the military settlement, pervaded as by a narcotic with the mysticism of the East, were his from his youth. Bred in the land where the short story is indigenous, where from time immemorial rajahs have lolled with their households on silken divans under the spell of some favorite teller of tales of magic or of love, he has had what fortune grants to few of our day, a romantic environment in a prosaic age.

In such an atmosphere, then, has Kipling drawn the breath of literary life. To him, the phantom 'rickshaw, and the pit of the cataleptics, where dwell "the dead who died not, yet may not live," and the ghostly billiard players of the dâk bungalow, are matters of familiar story. In depicting the weird, the mysterious and occult, none other save one has excelled him—on Kipling has fallen the mantle of Poe, which rested for so brief a while upon the shoulders of Guy de Maupassant.

It is not, however, the love of the unseen, great as it is, that dominates Kipling; it is the love of the seen. No man more than he is a product of the forces in literature which produced Balzac and Hugo, the naturalists. Not that Kipling consciously adopts their canons—rather, he unconsciously drifts with the modern tide because it is going his way. That is to say, it is not with the sensuousness of the Romance tongue, nor the austerity of the Puritan, but with cogent touch, as of the sunlight on the sensitized plate, that he portrays his characters. His pictures are those of the camera obscura, neither moral nor immoral, but simply unmoral. Passions stripped of all their glamour, religion of insincerity and superstition, are of the material with which he works. If he has not set any high aesthetic ideals, still in his virile writings only the morbid can discover low ones. He pictures men and women, events and institutions, as he finds them. His ideal is the negation of idealism.

A realist must, however, always run the paradoxical danger of becoming artificial. In Kipling's case realism too often degenerates into mere superficiality of character-drawing—the ability to photograph a type and the lack of psychologic insight to appreciate it. Perhaps no other writer has so signally failed, for example, to appreciate the American character. It must be due in part to his nationality, that the only true pictures of Americans are those of "Captains Courageous" and the western man in "The Naulahka." One thing in our character he does understand because it touches an answering chord in his own :

"It is not wealth or power or state
But get up and get that makes men great."

Like Dickens he has never given us a woman more than momentarily. His children are "the most delightful born in print"; but, perhaps wiser than his critics, he recognizes that woman baffles understanding. Still it could be wished he had at least tried a psychologic analysis, rather than have resorted to the realistic synthesis that has rendered the women of his stories slightly too stagey.

In the short story these failings are less noticeable than in the prolonged action of a novel. But even a realistic novel calls for a deeper psychologic imagination than is evidenced in Kipling's more pretentious attempts. His novels, with one exception, are merely enlarged short stories; and having passed the boundary into forbidden lands, he presents us with trivial or unsatisfactory motifs as in "The Light That Failed," "Captains Courageous," and "The Naulahka." He gives one the feeling of having inspected a water-color with a magnifying glass.

Kipling has chosen or rather created a style, characteristic as it is unique in every respect. It is terse, strong, colloquial, unrestrained by custom or precedent, with a touch of irony throughout, savoring at once of the Anglo-Saxon and of the East. His vocabulary is that of Shakespeare

and the Bible, amplified and limited only by the number of dialects he has mastered. His very words and sentences are like his characters and plots—chosen for their innate force in presenting what he himself has seen and heard. The strokes are those of a man who is a master at portraying his own impressions, even though those impressions may be written neither deep nor philosophical.

This realism of characters, action, and style can but result disastrously when carried into poetry. The poet, unless he be a master of epic, is a creature of fancy and feelings rather than of facts. Such a man as Kipling not only has not been, but never could be, able to encompass the seven seas with his muse in any more poetical form than the the imaginative prose of "The Ship That Found Herself" or ".007."

His latest work, "Kim," marks an advance on anything that precedes it. There is nothing unsatisfactory or trivial about "Kim," nor does it "leave a bad taste in the mouth," as critics have complained of other stories. In characters, local color and action it is intensely real, still; but further, it shows a depth of thought and breadth of knowledge hitherto latent.

Kipling, then, if we seek in him a great poet, is disappointing; as a novelist his powers are undeveloped: he is in every sense the legitimate evolution of the times, a short story writer of the highest rank—a strange combination of genius and mediocrity, of success and failure, the creature of the day yet not ephemeral.

Arthur Reeve.

RESOLUTIONS

The following resolutions were adopted at a mass meeting of the general student body held Sunday afternoon, September 28, 1902 :

INASMUCH as it hath seemed fitting to Almighty God to remove from our association, him whom we have come to know and love as both instructor and friend, whose unremitting zeal in our behalf, whose continued courtesy and kindly assistance hath filled us with the deepest gratitude and the most sincere respect, and

WHEREAS, by the death of him, Willard Humphreys, we have suffered loss which we feel we cannot estimate and cannot express, be it

Resolved, That we, the students of Princeton University, tender to the Faculty of Princeton University, and to the members of the bereaved family, our heartfelt sympathy in this, their time of trial, and beg to be permitted to unite with them in bearing the burden of their sorrow. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in *The Daily Princetonian*, *The Alumni Weekly* and THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

John S. Dana 1903,
W. H. Underhill 1904,
H. H. Short 1905
E. P. Larned 1906.

The following resolutions were adopted by the American Whig Society upon the death of Dr. Humphreys ;

INASMUCH as it hath seemed best in the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence that our beloved associate, Willard Humphreys, be removed from his field of utility and friendship among us,

WHEREAS, through his tireless efforts in behalf of our Society, through his unflagging interest in our welfare, he hath endeared himself to our hearts, and

WHEREAS, in his death we have suffered a loss, keenly felt and deeply regretted ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undergraduate members of the American Whig Society, extend to his family our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement, and that we offer our condolences to the Faculty of Princeton University upon their great loss.

John E. Steen,
Pax. P. Hibben,
J. J. Forstall,
For the American Whig Society.

Editorial

The Resignation of Doctor Patton,

Francis Landey Patton, twelfth president of the College of New Jersey, and first president of Princeton University, has doffed the robes of office, laid aside the cares and duties of his executive labors to seek the peace that his untiring efforts have earned him. Fourteen years of his life have been given to Princeton. In that time the world has progressed, and Princeton has progressed with it; new pedagogical ideas have been promulgated and duly incorporated in the conduct of the University; Princeton has kept pace with the times, and the advancing, far-sighted, broad-minded policy of its president has placed and maintained it in the foremost rank of American institutions of learning. At the beginning of the first year of Doctor Patton's administration, there were enrolled in the college six hundred, sixty-seven students; last June the number was one thousand, three hundred, fifty-four. Since the day of his inauguration as the president of the College of New Jersey, fourteen new buildings have been added to the complement of Princeton—one for each year of his service. The faculty in 1888 consisted of thirty-five professors and seven instructors; to-day there sixty-one professors and the list of instructors has been increased to thirty-five. New courses have been opened, new libraries have been secured, new degrees have been granted. A plan for a three years course has been drawn up under his initiative and will doubtless be carried into effect in the near future. The body of the alumni has obtained official representation in the board of the Trustees of the University—in a word, Princeton, under his guidance, has unhesitatingly and con-

sistently hurried forward toward that perfection of organization and equipment which the requirements of the day demand of those institutions retaining the respect of educated men at home and abroad. All this he has done—and more. Always kindly, always considerate, always generous, he has won a place in our hearts whence his memory shall not depart—he has found the way to that veneration and respect which we give to those whom we have learned to love. The years which remain to him are his own: may they be many—may they be filled with sunshine and happiness—may they bring the calm of accomplishment, the joy of realization.

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Yet, inasmuch as we regret the loss of
The Election of Doctor Patton, we cannot but rejoice over
President Wilson, the choice of his successor. The force of character necessary to him who is to take the leadership in this University, the breadth of ideas required of him who is to pursue the policy inaugurated by our late executive could have been found nowhere more fittingly embodied than in the person of Woodrow Wilson. In casting aside the *toga virilis* of collegiate activity and assuming the more imposing rôle of of university, Princeton entered into a field of labor for which only partial preparations had been made. These preparations, so well begun by Doctor Patton, must be continued; the curriculum must be adapted to the convenience of men desirous of prosecuting special study along particular lines; the facilities for preliminary work for professional schools must be enlarged; the opportunities offered by the graduate departments, already so successfully nurtured by Dean West, must be made sufficiently attractive to secure recognition throughout the country; the accommodations for the men here registered must be im-

proved and increased—in a word, Princeton must be made a university in fact as well as in name. These and countless other matters constitute the problems which confront President Wilson at the outset of his administration; but we, the undergraduates of the University, are confident that his indomitable energy and unflinching determination will enable him to solve whatever riddles are presented to him; and we tender to him our heartiest support and our sincerest approval of such courses as he shall see fit to pursue. We know that he has but one desire: that the utmost that is possible may be done for Princeton. This is our desire also. Whatever we can do to forward it, we shall not hesitate to attempt. Wherefore, we wish him all success—we trust that he may enjoy a proud, an honored, a useful career.

And Some Progressive Ideas.

Yet, while the fact of our new president being a layman may be said to be of little individual significance, taken in connection with the spirit of the day, it is a strong manifestation of the intention on the part of the Trustees of the University to sacrifice, when necessary, such traditions of the institution as have been outgrown. Such a spirit has ever characterized the policy of Doctor Patton, and it is not surprising that the Trustees of the University should have acted unhesitatingly upon similar lines. What is strange, however, is that the student body should prove to be the most reluctant to feel the influence of progressive ideas and should cling most tenaciously to customs which, in all common sense, ought long since to have become obsolete. That the younger men should impede progress seems scarcely credible, yet the realization that the College of New Jersey is no more does not seem to have come to them. It is to be hoped that, with the inauguration of the new president, they will see that Princeton is not Princeton for the few years that they may live, but for all time, and that

it is impossible that these so-called customs, which the underclassmen profess to look upon as "sacred" should endure as long as the University. Some day they will have to be discarded, some day the true spirit of a *university* will supplant the existing reaction, procrastination and lethargy—some day the students of Princeton will wake to the responsibility which rests upon them to accomplish the most that is possible with the opportunities here given them, both for the good that shall accrue to themselves and for the honor and glory of the University.

But why should not all this take place *now*, and the inauguration of a new president be in very truth the beginning of a new era? Already some steps have been taken in that direction: hazing has nominally ceased, and, indeed, is slowly dying a natural death. But if hazing is unworthy of the University, may not the same be said of such "horsing" as approaches the line which differentiates the two—or for that matter, of any "horsing" at all? Such things, no less than awkward curriculum arrangements or insufficient accommodations for students, prevent Princeton from taking a deserved place in the academic world. We expect the efforts of President Wilson to succeed in bringing to the desired perfection all matters which lie within his sphere; has he not the right to expect us, the undergraduates, to relieve him of the embarrassments which necessarily arise from puerile conduct on the part of the student body? Princeton can be a university only through the coöperation of the students and their instructors. The latter are striving to do their share, but the broadest spirit of loyalty to the highest ideals of a university is still lacking among the undergraduates. All that is necessary is the *desire* on the part of the student body to make their alma mater a Great University—the Spirit of Princeton will insure the accomplishment of that end.

Gossip:

OF THE BUSY BEES

"How doth the little . . . " etc.

—*J. Watts.*

"Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high."

—*Philip Freneau.*

The Gossip was reclining in one of the blue plush easy chairs at Renwick's and after having dissected his steak, he was resting from his labors and was lazily watching through the broad stained-glass windows the never-ending crowd of freshmen happily singing up and down Nassau street. And as he watched and pondered, his attention was diverted from the busy throng by a bee which alighted upon the table in front of him. "Fudge," he murmured, "someone has left the screen-door open," and looked back with renewed interest at a foot-race that appeared to be in progress across the way.

At length, tiring of the scene, the Gossip was on the point of signing his check and rising to go, when he noticed that the bee was still hovering over the empty charlotte russe box. A second glance revealed something strange in its attitude, and upon closer inspection it proved to be a diminutive man with so much the appearance of a bee, however, that the previous mistake did not seem at all improbable. But a man only an inch high, with bee's wings, a furry striped body, and antennae—dear, dear, how foolish! The Gossip had not been to George and Bob's or thereabouts for days, so he rubbed his eyes till they shone. But there he was, the curious bee-man, a fact denying speculating, standing on the edge of the table with his arms akimbo and his head perched quizzically upon his fuzzy shoulders.

The Gossip intuitively felt that the exigencies of the situation must be met, and recovering his self-possession with difficulty, he set himself to the task of making talk. "Er—pleasant day," he ventured. The bee-man deigned no response to so trivial a remark and continued to gaze fixedly at him, although the Gossip fancied that at times he could detect in those beady eyes a satirical glimmer.

In a moment, the strange creature began to speak with a soft honeyed inflection. "I'm rushed to death with the freshman trade just now and have no time to waste in small talk," and he sat down on the edge of a plate and slowly swung his legs. "This is my afternoon off and I want to have what you call a 'heart-to-heart' talk with someone," he continued. "Yes?" said the Gossip and stopped and reflected. Here plainly

was an emissary from another world, one of those illusions of a disordered brain, or perhaps stomach, that he had learned about in the classroom. And then, without perceiving the incongruity of it all, he found himself entering into conversation with the bee-man. "Yes?" he said "and who, pray, are you?"

The goblin looked at him ruminatively a bit and was evidently 'sizing up' the loquacious person who questioned him. After some cogitation, he rejoined, "you may well ask me who I am, for by the expression upon your face I can readily imagine that you have never seen me or my kind before." The Gossip submitted that "no, he never had."

"When a new man comes to Princeton," continued the bee-man, "he becomes infected with new ideas and new ambitions. At less refined places than this, the same process is termed 'putting a flea in his ear.' Now there is a large swarm of us centered here representing a great many ideas and ambitions in a great many varied aspects, and so large is the swarm that no man goes through Princeton without coming into contact with at least one of us. Even you are harboring in your bonnet several members of our swarm."

He paused, and the Gossip gasped. Here, then, was the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx, and here the solution of Life's puzzle. Psychology, it seemed, had no place in the scheme of mental affairs and no longer would the wheels of the brain revolve to the tune of two hours a week and a hard exam. These little buzzing mentors were the real arbiters of fate and not any combination of afferent and efferent nerve impulses.

The bee-man looked out of the window as if he were looking for an object lesson. "Did you notice that man who just passed by?" he said. "He is visited by the bee of Social Ambition. When he first came here he wore white socks, ready-made clothes, and for want of a better place he roomed in Edwards. He had not been here a week when the bee of Social Ambition took lodgment in his bonnet and he began to turn up his trousers. By Thanksgiving he was wearing tailor-made garments, imported neckties and a tan overcoat to recitations. He's a Senior now and a show to behold. His parents think that he is beginning to take an interest in life, but they can't see the bee, and neither can he."

"I suppose," the Gossip inquired, "that he takes an interest in his studies at the same time?"

The bee-man smiled. "Oh my, no," he explained, "for if he did, where would he get the time to go up to Vassar dances or to run down to New York?"

There was another pause and this time the bee-man stretched his wings preparatory to departure. But the curiosity of the Gossip was now aroused to the fullest extent and he craved for more information.

"Well," said the bee-man indulgently, "there are more different kinds of bees about here than you can imagine. A distant relative of mine is the bee of ambition for Literary fame, and at present he is residing in the

bonnet of a sophomore who has determined to become the Gossip. I doubt very much if he will ever attain to that eminence, for his best achievement so far has been only to make first general group."

"But tell me," queried the Gossip, "are there no bees that stand for the dark side of life, or do they all tend to make one grow better in the treatment of one's ideals?"

The bee-man emitted a buzz that was probably meant for a sigh, and rejoined, "Yes, there are a great many evil bees,—too many in fact. One bee whom we call the bee of popularity has done much harm. A man who is troubled by this intruder is a curious sight to watch. From a rather quiet, indolent fellow he changes to an effusive well-wisher. He greets you with a hearty 'Hello, old man,' throws his arm heavily about your neck and talks to you in a low tone of voice either about himself or yourself. He is seen only with those whom he considers the best fellows, because, you see, he has a strange, guilty fear of becoming 'queered.' It seems to me that he chooses his friends by the color of the ribbon that they wear about their hats. The vocabulary of slang has an ugly name for his kind more true than euphonious," and this time the bee-man began really to leave. The Gossip cast about for a topic to stay him. "And you," he cried, "what bee are you?"

"I?" said the bee-man over his shoulder, "why I'm the Hat-band bee," and vanished through the door-way.

The Gossip rose and walked slowly home through the gathering darkness. Over by the Library arch a sound of singing came from some sophomores returning from dinner. A group of men were standing by the lamp post in front of Reunion and one of them remarked, "It's funny how those fellows have changed lately. I think they must have some bees in their bonnets."

And the Gossip smiled.

Book Talk

The Virginian; A Horseman of the Plains. By Owen Wister. New York: The MacMillan Company. \$1.50

From Bret Hart we learned that distinctive type, the California miner of '49 and the early fifties, and now from Mr. Wister we are coming to know the American coy-boy of our own day. *Red Men and White* and *Lin McLean* introduced him to us a few years ago, so that we felt a strong desire to see and know more of him. Now the author has given us *The Virginian*, and he has produced a strong American character who deserves to live in the literature of the country. The greatest charm of Mr. Wister's latest book lies in its simplicity. It is after all merely the chronicle of a cowboy's daily life in Wyoming—of his goings-out and and his comings-in, with the thread of a poetry love-story running through it—just enough to hold it together and give it added human interest. We do not even learn the hero's name—from cover to cover he is simply "The Virginian"—but that, perhaps, is because, as some claim, he is a real personage, still living in his chosen western country. He is not a particularly exceptional man, for he has—until a woman's love betters him—all the vices of his kind. Like his fellows he "blows in" his money at minstrels in regular cowboy style, three or four months' pay in a single night, yet withal he is the soul of honor and a born gentleman. There is no spirit of bravado about the Virginian. He never seeks a fight, but when necessity compels he will draw his revolver and cover his man with the same nonchalance with which he would offer a cigarette. You first learn to love the Virginian when he gives Trampas a well merited rebuke for slandering Molly Wood, the newly arrived school teacher at Bear Creek. Trampas has been drawing a blackguard picture of Miss Wood and Lin McLean, much to the delight of his auditors, when the Virginian, quietly covering him with a six-shooter, orders him to "stand on your laigs, you pole-cat, and say you're a liar!" And Trampas does as he is bid. It is only rational, perhaps, that Mr. Wister should idealize his hero at times, yet he has not done so enough to make the Virginian too good to be true. As you read the book you have a feeling that this man actually existed—and that probably there were more like him in that wild cattle country where solitude often grew to be company. There is a strain of humor throughout *The Virginian*, original and spontaneous, which keeps it from ever growing dull or heavy. If you are weary of the civilization and the crowds of the East; if you wish for a breath of pure mountain air, for the freedom and outdoor life of the West, read Mr. Wister's book—and you will meet a character in *The Virginian* whom you will be glad to know.

W. F. S.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis: The Brown-Merrill Company. \$1.30.

One is prone of late to approach warily new fiction of the "historical novel" type, for since the advent of *Hugh Wynne* and *Richard Carvel* there has been such a flood of books, good, bad and indifferent, dealing with colonial times that the reading public has had a satiety of swash-buckling deeds and blood curdling romances. But in *Hearts Courageous* Miss Rives has produced a book better than the average novel of this class, not only in its well-sustained interest but also because her characters are less wonderful and hence more natural than the majority of colonial personages to whom the public has been introduced in the past three years. Like most of these stories, the scene is laid in Virginia and the greater part of the action takes place in Williamsburg, picturesque and hustling, with its Burgesses from the Dand students from William and Mary thronging the streets and taverns. Princeton men will be especially interested in the pages devoted to Philip Freneau, who appears fresh from his course at Nassau Hall, and the allusions to Presidents Davis and Witherspoon. Miss Rives has contrived very cleverly to mystify her readers with her hero, the Frenchman Armand, and it takes a very careful reading to guess his true identity before he reveals himself. There is a time when we have grave fears lest he is sincere in his treason — that he will disappoint us and the heroine for the sake of the wealth and position offered him to play false to his king — but this only adds to the spice of the story and seems to make the reading more satisfactory. There are two or three thrilling dramatic episodes in *Hearts Courageous*, chief of which is the scene when Armand, a stranger and a Frenchman, resents the affront offered Washington and Baron Fairfax by Fry, the English captain. We would have liked the book better had the author spared us the last chapter — it seems merely as an anti-climax, and we would have preferred not to witness the death of the broken and disappointed Baron Fairfax. The book is well put together, with a striking and artistic cover design in colors, by Wenzell.

W. F. S.

The Millionairess. By Julian Ralph. Boston: The Lathrop Publishing Company. \$1.50.

In his new story Mr. Julian Ralph writes in his customary picturesque manner. No one can help feeling interest and sympathy with his beautiful heroine as she passes through her many trials and experiences. We get a bit scared, perhaps, lest she throw herself away on Archibald or Bryan Cross, but like any really deserving heroine she comes out all right in the end. Mr. Ralph in the first few chapters of his book presents to us a thoroughly interesting and extraordinary hero, of whom we see all too little as the story proceeds. If he had given us a little more of Court-

landt, Beekman and a little less of the enthusiastic and rather fanatical Bryan Cross, we would have enjoyed the story better. It was easy to see the end in store for Cross when he set out to reform the world with his vehement oratory. He was scarcely good company and we could not feel much sympathy in his madness. But we would have liked more of Beekman, to have heard more of his adventures and to have seen more of his wonderful gift of second sight. We would rather have listened to some of his stories than hear somebody's idea as to the woman's proper sphere in life. The Van Ness sisters certainly answered their purpose of being a warning to the heroine, and taken all in all were a rather remarkable pair. In comparison with them, Tonette, fresh-plucked from the wild West, shows us a character clean and strong and womanly, even though she be a bit crude and wild. It is not often we read of a man proposing to his beloved as she sits smiling down on him from the limb of a tree with her feet dangling just below his chin. After all is said, however, the reader will find a great deal to interest him in Mr. Ralph's new book. The scenes are vivid and the characters lively. "I have been so lonely! so all alone!" Laura cries to Courtlandt Beekman at the end and "as he drew her close to him he bent his head and kissed her."

J. S. D.

The Story of Mary MacLane, By herself. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

Making every allowance for the sincerity claimed by Miss Mary MacLane, her story signally fails to impress the reader as genuine; and in spite of the fact that she speaks of herself as a genius, she has given no further manifestation of the existence of this characteristic than her own word. Those upon whom, in the history of the world's activity, the title "Genius" has been bestowed have accomplished something which might justify such a distinction. As for Mary MacLane, however—one is tempted to repeat to her own question: "and I—what can I do?" and to dismiss her from consideration forthwith. Yet had the book been the "full and frank portrayal" she terms it, the credit of having done at least something might have been conceded her. But such illogical, unsystematic, unreasoning introspection can by no means be considered complete, and frankness can scarcely be said to lie in an uninteresting repetition of immaterial details. Sincerity would have constituted the sole claim of such a book upon public attention, but since Miss Mary MacLane has seen fit to sacrifice the very air of genuineness which she might have given her book with a little editing, for an inexcusable straining after the peculiar, the unusual, one is inclined to look upon her as having over-stepped the "finely-drawn line between a genius and a fool." And in spite of some very fine things which the book contains, it will probably be read more with the curiosity evoked by mental contortion than the appreciation which would have been given sincere introspection.

The Spenders. Harry Leon Wilson. Boston : The Lathrop Publishing Company. \$1.50.

The Spenders undoubtedly belongs to that fairly good average which so many novels nowadays attain. It is surely not bad or indifferent and it is just as surely not great. But evidently it was not written to be a great novel; only to give to the enormous reading public of light literature an account of what happens sometimes to-day in New York, in as pleasing and entertaining a method as possible.

A grandfather makes the beginning, in Montana, of a fortune, by silver mining in the early days of that venture. His son completes the work by his ingenuity and energy, and then a third generation comes along and proceeds to spend it in a remarkably rapid fashion. The title of the novel tells most of the story, and it is another account of the old saying that "it is three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The chief member of this third generation is a young man of twenty-one, who has just graduated from Harvard, having been brought up in the latest method of a rich man's son to do naught but spend money, and be a well known man about town. By reason of his immense fortune he is received amongst the select few of New York society, and besides spending money at a tremendous rate, does little worthy of mention except to fall in love with a certain young lady of good but not wealthy family. The

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hero makes ardent love to her, but becomes suspicious of the sincerity of her character, and after suspecting that in the last analysis her affections are attached to his fortune, he ceases his attentions, but has more difficulty in forgetting her. To assist the process of putting this young lady forever from his mind, he spends money with redoubled vigor and finally succeeds in losing all in a Wall street gamble. Then his old love for the girl returns, and he determines to meet her, hoping that after all he might be mistaken as to her hypocrisy, and he indeed finds that it is so, and that she loves him for himself only. They marry immediately and go West to start anew for a fresh fortune.

The plot can be seen to be not new, but it is well told. The conversations are generally entertaining, especially when the odd Western gold-field philosophy of the old grandfather enters into it. The descriptions of the city life are really excellent, and the writer oftentimes proves himself an adept in the art of neat epithets and happy phrases. The difficulty with the book is that the quantity is too much for the quality; it is in some places poorly sustained, when the prolonged conversations are but padding for its five hundred pages. It is certainly an up-to-date story, having even all the very latest slang, while the characters are well acquainted with the scandal of but yesterday, and the now familiar "coon songs." Those desiring to read a good long story of reckless New York society, with all its loves and hates, its frivolities and hollow artificiality, could hardly be better pleased than with following the varying fortunes of the "Spenders."

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